



MAJOR GENERAL LORD STIRLING

OVERLOOKED HEROINES OF THE REVOLUTION



VOLUMES have been written lauding the courage or endurance of the American army that braved the winter of 1777-78 at Valley Forge. Monuments have been erected to the memory of men and officers. The site of the camp has been reserved by the state of Pennsylvania, and converted into a memorial park, but the women who shared the dangers and suffering with them, who nobly nursed the sick, fed the starving and clothed the naked, are left unrecognized. There are no public records of them, even their quarters that had been the shelter of the needy, the stage of the Conway cabal (that was one of the remarkable and dramatic incidents of the war), the cradle of the first aid to the injured, and the setting for a love affair of one of the first presidents of the United States, was not included in the state reservation and taken under its protection, but is fast falling into decay, to the shame and dishonor of the guardians who are neglecting one of the two houses at Valley Forge that are historically noteworthy, and for a puerile reason unworthy of a great commonwealth.

This little farmer's house was the headquarters of Major General Lord Stirling, one of the most gallant and loyal American soldiers. Born and bred in New York, he had inherited a title from his Scotch ancestors, just at the breaking out of the Revolution. He had served as major and aide-de-camp to General Shirley at the time of General Braddock's defeat. He had been in every battle fought against the British in New York and New Jersey, and was General Washington's most trusted general, as is proved by the numerous letters still preserved in the New York Historical society. The headquarters of this gentleman was shared by his brave wife and daughter, who abandoned their beautiful home at Baskingridge on the hills of New Jersey, and with the men contended with the discomforts and trials of the celebrated winter spea, in the wind-swept valley on the outskirts of civilization as bravely as any soldier, officer or general.

To these heroines of Valley Forge no history points, no cenotaphs are raised, even their deeds are only traditional and crystallized in the memories of a few lovers of bravery, self-sacrifice and feminine devotion.

It was early in the season when it was decided to camp near Philadelphia, and the army under General Washington was collected at Valley Forge, when Lord Stirling wrote to his wife entreating her to join him there, as his duties detained him with his men, but he had been promised comfortable quarters, and he had no idea of the smallness of the house and its numerous discomforts. For it was a great demand to make of the delicately nurtured women, who had been reared at the luxurious Livingston manor house, on the Hudson river, or in Mr. Livingston's comfortable house in New York. But Lady Stirling wisely determined that her place was by her husband's side, so with a full staff of servants (for she foresaw the demands that would be made on her hospitality) she and her daughter, Catherine, started in the great family coach, drawn by four gray horses, for the long drive over the Jersey hills to Pennsylvania.

When they reached their destination they found a small farmer's cottage had been assigned to Lord Stirling for his quarters. It was the farthest house from General Washington's headquarters, under a hillside and near a creek. It was a damp and lonely spot, and quite inadequate for the accommodation of family and servants. But with unflinching good humor and the capability of splendid housewives, the ladies coped with the situation and made the house ready for winter. They filled long flannel bags with earth and placed them against the door sills and the loosely fitting sashes to keep out the wind, so the house could be more readily kept warm. They pasted muslin on the walls and hung curtains before the windows for the same purpose. Then they sent to Baskingridge for many loads of hickory wood before the roads became choked with snow, for fuel was scarce, and the soldiers requisitioned all that there was to be found in the neighborhood.

General Washington welcomed them gladly and at once requested that they would assist him to entertain the various people who daily visited the camp, either for political purposes, business or curiosity.

Lady Stirling's household was composed of her husband and his aide, Dr. Enoch Edwards, whose name will be recognized by many of his descendants in Philadelphia today. Then there was Lady Kitty and her friend, Miss Nanny Browne, the orphaned granddaughter of Governor Brockhoist, and these dames may well be called the heroines of Valley Forge, although their ministrations and sufferings found no recognition in the man-written chronicles of that fearsome winter.

Christmas passed sadly with little merrymaking or good cheer, and daily the sufferings of the ill-clad, badly-housed soldiers were forced on the attention of the women, for the reports of the medical men became more and more distressing. There were no comfortable hospitals, trained nurses or even necessary clothing, bandages and lint for the poor fellows. Lady Stirling and her daughter were no strangers to the sick room; both were capable nurses and had learned from an old Indian woman many salves and remedies made from herbs or simples, not the least of which was the celebrated Seneca oil. St. John's wort lotion and rattle-snake grease, all of which they had provided themselves with before leaving home. Without hesitation these brave women arranged a division of work among them, for it fell entirely on their individual efforts, since the whole country was overburdened and there was no relief to be obtained from an organized sanitary commission or red cross association. Quietly and unostentatiously the three ladies divided the work among them to do what was possible to alleviate the increasing horrors about them. To Lady Kitty was assigned a daily visit to the camp, while the delicate Miss Nanny sewed or



HEADQUARTERS OF LORD STIRLING AT VALLEY FORGE

scraped lint at the fire-side, and the head of the house superintended the food department and the rations to be doled out every morning. The labor of Malvina, the old turbaned black cook, were doubled. She was not only called upon to provide delicate repasts for Le Marquis de Lafayette and Major James Monroe, Generals Knox and Greene, with many other distinguished visitors, who crowded around Lady Stirling's hospitable table, but a huge soup kettle was hung over the logs in an improvised kitchen, and from the day it was started until the camp was broken, great palls of nourishing soup were freely given to the famishing soldiers who called at the house for food.

Every week vegetables, poultry, mutton, etc., were brought to Valley Forge by the general's own people, either from his farm eight miles from Morristown, N. J., or from the Livingston manor house, for our heroes of the Revolution had to supply their own rations, and this one in particular, who raised a regiment and equipped it at his own expense, was never repaid for food, or services, by an ungrateful country.

Daily Lady Kitty would sail to the camp with a basket filled with goodies on her arm, followed by a servant laden with clothing for the soldiers. It was a long, cold walk from her home to the camp, but the young girl braved it in spite of snow and storm. The doors of hut after hut would be gently knocked at and the inmates questioned as to their most pressing needs. No one can imagine what a blessing these visits were to the suffering men. There was hardly one who was not afflicted with frostbites, and for these Lady Kitty had a sovereign cure learned from the old squaw. This, with other remedies drawn from the handy reticule, were lavishly given with many a cheery word or laugh at the traveling drug shop. The baskets containing delicacies for the very sick were soon emptied and besides many a man's heart was made glad by the gift of a warm worsted comforter for his neck or a pair of knitted stockings or mittens. Then there were underclothes made from the fleece of the sheep raised on the Jersey hills, the wool having been spun in tenants' houses and woven on the looms that groaned and creaked unceasingly. This was the work of the women who stayed at home, while the men folk struggled with the horrors of army life.

The fingers of the women of the day were never idle. We are told on page 417 of Mr. Irving's "Life of General Washington," that his wife, "set an example to lady visitors by diligently plying her needles knitting stockings for poor, destitute soldiers." And, indeed, women's busy needles clicked far into the night, even when frugal housewives only permitted the blaze of the fire to light the rooms, for candles were luxuries in those days, although they were home-made, and these self-sacrificing women denied themselves every comfort they could, in hopes of being able to relieve the needs of the soldiers, and many a candle that had been made in the family kitchen, and perhaps from bayberries picked by delicate fingers, found its way to the huts of the men. Most of these were illiterate fellows who had obeyed the call to arms, leaving their families in distant parts of the country. "Lady Comforter," as she was called by the men, would ask each one about his life, and suggest that she would write letters to his home-bound family or friends. Pen, ink and paper would be whipped from the great reticule hanging by her side, and a dictation taken down, which must have given pleasure and hope at many a desolate fireside. The ladies were cheered in their benevolent work in the camp by the commendations of the commander-in-chief, who could not be sufficiently grateful for these ministrations.

The young aide-de-camp, James Monroe (who was recruiting his strength after a severe wound received during a late battle) was detailed to accompany the young lady on her daily rounds, to report officially on the condition of the men. This duty was not ungrateful to the young Virginian and the one bright spot in the dark days of suffering for the men in camp was watching the courtship of their future president, and his engagement to Miss Nanny Browne was soon duly announced and hurried arrangements made for a wedding in the spring at the home of her aunt, Mrs. Van Horne. She could not have asked



LADY CATHERINE DUER, LORD STIRLING'S DAUGHTER

General Washington advice on the subject of her marriage, or she would have been saved much misery and mortification. It is said that when Nelly Custis announced her engagement the general said: "Question yourself. Is he a man of sense? For be assured a sensible woman can never be happy with a fool." James Monroe was no fool, but the end of this romantic courtship is another story.

It is more than probable that a steady supply of food and clothing reached the camp from many of the nearby places, for it is certain that Carlisle had a number of women, headed by Mrs. John Armstrong, who employed every leisure moment knitting stockings or scraping lint for the soldiers. This lady was born in Ireland and had married an Irishman, but was devoted to her adopted country and countrymen. There were other Pennsylvania women who sacrificed time and comfort for the brave defenders. Mrs. John Bull was approached by Lord Howe, who tried to bribe her to induce her husband to join the English army and desert his command as colonel of the First Pennsylvania, but she proudly refused. Her descendants doubtless would be proud to read the unpublished history preserved by the writer.

Mrs. Milfin (Sarah Morris) sent stockings of her own making to be distributed among the soldiers, writing: "In this way do I throw in my mite to the public good. I know this—that as free I can die but once, but as a slave I shall not be worthy of life, and I have the pleasure to assure you that these are the sentiments of my sister Americans." Those women who could do so visited the camp, and Mrs. Andrew Porter (Elizabeth Parker) rode there on horseback, to see her husband, who had boasted proudly that he never wore a garment not made by his wife. A story is told of him that at a dinner at Valley Forge General Knox said to him: "Porter, how does it happen that you look so genteel while the rest of us are in rags, although you receive no better pay than we?" To this Captain Porter replied: "My wife took this coat apart and turned it inside out, so you see it now as good as new," and then went on to relate how she had visited him but had lost her way, when she met a gentleman out of uniform, of whom she asked directions. The officer tightened the girths of her saddle and admired her horse, which, Mrs. Porter proudly declared, was home bred. Then walking beside the rider, the person conducted the lady to her husband's quarters, raised his hat and strolled away.

After a warm welcome, Captain Porter said: "Well, my lady, you came into camp highly escorted by the commander-in-chief."

Lady Kitty had a love affair of her own on hand during the dark days at Valley Forge, which culminated in 1799 by her marriage to Col. William Duer, when General Washington gave the bride away, for he felt that no honor was too great to be lavished on the heroine of Valley Forge.

WHY NOT?

Mrs. Flattie—I see that 21 women are employed as railway brakemen and 10 as baggage men in the United States.

Mr. Flattie—Well, I see no reason why women shouldn't brake and smash things as well as men.

THE CAUSE.

"I looked at the man and saw his face grow darker and darker."
"What was the matter with him?"
"He was blacking up for a minstrel show."

STAGE A LYNCHING FOR OLD CLO' MAN

Students at Holbrook School Bring Money Dispute to Dramatic Climax.

REFUSED TO PAY BILL

Peddler Told the Boys He Would Pay Liberal Prices for Second-Hand Clothing, But Failed to Settle at Agreed Time.

Ossining, N. Y.—Students at the Holbrook school, about a mile from this city, are giving a warm and enthusiastic reception to "old clo' men" this season. In fact their receptions are so warm and enthusiastic that this class of dealer for some time in the future probably will give Holbrook school a wide berth.

It all happened because a peddler sought to add to his stock of goods by annexing without pay a suit belonging to one of the students of the school. He went to the school and said he would pay liberal prices for second-hand clothing owned by the students. After looking over the collection he offered to buy some of the clothes and the offer was accepted.

When it came time to pay the bills, however, the "old clo' man" refused to pay for one of the suits he had bought, asserting that he had brought it with him from another place. This explanation did not satisfy the students and they loudly denounced the business methods of the peddler.

Failing to get satisfaction, the students shut the "old clo' man" in a corridor and warned him that he would be kept there until he paid for the suit. The peddler escaped by an open door leading through one of the rooms. One of the students, however, saw him as he beat a hurried retreat, taking the suit in question with him.

Following a brief but swift pursuit the peddler was captured and brought back to the campus of the school.

"Lynch him!" shouted one of the students.

Other students caught the spirit of the remark and hurried for ropes. The



His Prayers for Delivery Were Long and Loud.

peddler at last took fright and began to beg for mercy. The students, heedless of his entreaties, tied his arms and legs with the ropes, dragged him under a tree and pretended that they were about to swing him up.

By this time the peddler was willing to give any amount of money for the clothing that he had refused to pay for. His prayers for delivery were long and loud. Automobile parties on the way to Briarcliff manor stopped to learn the cause of the discussion and the peddler beseeched them to save him from the vengeance of the students.

Meanwhile, members of the faculty of the school appeared and stopped the sport of the students. The "old clo' man" did not wait for apologies, but as soon as he was set at liberty hurried off in the direction of Briarcliff manor, leaving the suit behind him.

BRIDE FORGOT HER NAME

Married Only a Week, She Could Not Remember That She Was Mrs. Katamachka.

New York.—Bride for a week, Mrs. Anna Katamachka could not remember when she appeared before the court of special sessions at Jamaica to testify in a case.

"Your name?" asked the clerk when the woman took the stand.

"Anna."

"Last name?"

"I can't remember. I have only been married a week."

"Katamachka," prompted Husband Joseph.

The Kathamachkas appeared against Michael Comer, a former admirer of the bride, who got 20 days for hitting the bridegroom with a soda bottle at the wedding.

WESTERN CANADA'S NATURAL RESOURCES

PETROLEUM, NATURAL GAS, COAL AND FARM LANDS.

The developments that have taken place recently in the oil and gas fields of Western Canada have but added another to the many previous evidences that have been produced, showing the great wealth that has been an unknown asset for so many generations.

The latest reports from the oil fields at Calgary show that there is a production there that would appear to equal the best paying fields on the continent. Experts have been on the ground for some time. It is said that one of the wells is able to produce 2,000 gallons an hour. If this is so there are but about a dozen wells in the world of greater production. During the past week discoveries of surface indications have been made which show that oil exists over a considerable portion of Alberta and Saskatchewan, while in Manitoba there have also been showings. At Battleford, Saskatchewan, a few days ago discoveries were made which led to the filing for leases on twenty thousand acres of land, all having strong surface indications. Companies were formed to carry on immediate work, and in a couple of months, or probably less, the story will be told whether oil exists in paying quantities.

But there are also the coal deposits and the natural gas deposits that are helping to make of Western Canada one of the wealthiest portions of the continent.

With the grain fields covering these hidden riches it is no wonder that a continued range of optimism is to be seen everywhere. Early reports of seeding of all grains being successfully completed all over the country are followed by reports of excellent and strong growth everywhere. During the first week in June most of the wheat had reached a growth of from twelve to twenty inches, with the most even appearance, almost universally, that has been seen for years. Oats appeared equally well, and covered the ground in a way that brought the broadest kind of a grin to overspread the farmer's countenance.

Barley, a favorite with the hog raisers, had taken good root, and was crowding oats for a first place, as to length of shoot. Cultivated fodder grasses are getting great attention, as a consequence of the inclination to go more largely into mixed farming, and the raising of hogs, cattle and horses. The weather is reported fine, just what is needed, and if present favorable conditions continue, the grain crop of Western Canada for 1914 will be the largest average in the history of the country.—Advertisement.

Public Opinion.

People say how strong public opinion is; and, indeed, it is strong while it is in its prime. In its childhood and old age it is as weak as any other organism. I try to make my own work belong to the youth of public opinion. The history of the world is the record of the weakness, frailty and death of public opinion, as geology is the record of the decay of those bodily organisms in which public opinions have found material expression.—Samuel Butler.

ECZEMA ITCHED AND BURNED

R. F. D. No. 2, Seymour, Mo.—"My scalp broke out with fine pimples at the start. They itched and burned so much that I was compelled to scratch them and they would fester and come to a head and break out again. The trouble was attended by such burning and itching I could not sleep, also when I sweat it burned the same. My hair fell out gradually and the scalp kept rough and dry with itching and burning. After about two years the pimples broke out between my shoulders. My clothing irritated them. I was troubled with that eczema five or six years."

"I tried everything that was recommended without any benefit until I used the Cuticura Soap and Ointment according to directions, and Cuticura Soap and Ointment cured me sound and well in two weeks." (Signed) S. L. Killian, Nov. 22, 1912.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post card "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."—Adv.

Rubbing It In.

"Why does that lady grin so every time she sees you?"

"She knows I'm only getting \$10 a week."

"But why the grin?"

"I was engaged to her once and broke it off, and she afterward married a millionaire."

Piles Cured in 6 to 14 Days

Your druggist will refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days. The first application gives Ease and Rest. 50c.

A Poser.

Mathematical Professor—I have now completely discussed the theory of probability. Are there any questions? Problematical Freshman—Yes, sir. Will you please compute the probability of my passing this course?—Dartmouth Jack o' Lantern.

Whenever You Need a General Tonic Take Grove's

The Old Standard Grove's Tasteless Chilli Tonic is equally valuable as a General Tonic because it contains the well known tonic properties of QUININE and IRON. It acts on the Liver, Drives out Malaria, Enriches the Blood and Builds up the Whole System. 50 cents.